



TALES OF SHIVA

THE MIGHTY LORD OF KAILASA

www.amarchitrakatha.com



SHIVA AND ARJUNA



QUIET, PEACEFUL INDRAKEELA, IN THE HIMALAYAS WAS A RETREAT OF ASCETICS.



ONE DAY—

WHO COULD THIS STRANGER BE?

DOESN'T HE KNOW THAT WEAPONS HAVE NO PLACE HERE?

THE YOUNG ASCETICS FOLLOWED THE STRANGER TO THE RIVER BANK AND WATCHED HIM CLOSELY.



LOOK AT HIS BOW! COULD HE BE ARJUNA, THE PANDAVA?



FOUR MONTHS LATER—

WE CANNOT
GO ANY
NEARER.

THE HEAT OF THE
TERRIBLE PENANCE
IS SPREADING FAR
AND WIDE.



IT SOON CHOKED THE
WHOLE FOREST.



THE SAGES OF INDRAKEELA SET OUT FOR
KAILASA, THE ABODE OF LORD SHIVA.



AT KAILASA —

LORD, GRANT ARJUNA
HIS WISH, AND RELIEVE
US OF THIS SUFFERING.

SO BE IT.



WHEN THE SAGES DEPARTED —

WHAT DOES ARJUNA
WANT, MY LORD?

HE WANTS
CELESTIAL
WEAPONS.



CAN HE
WIELD THEM,
MY LORD?

I WILL FIND
OUT BY
TESTING HIM.



I'LL APPEAR BEFORE
HIM AS A KIRATA* AND
ENGAGE HIM IN A DUEL.

MAY I
ACCOMPANY
YOU?



YOU MAY, BUT
IN DISGUISE.

I SHALL COME
AS A KIRATA-
WOMAN.



WHEN THE HORDES OF SHIVA HEARD ABOUT IT —

LORD, WE WOULD LIKE
TO WITNESS THE
GREAT COMBAT. MAY
WE ACCOMPANY YOU?

YOU MAY, IN THE
GUISE OF KIRATA
WOMEN.



SOON —



AS THEY APPROACHED INDRAKEELA —

SEE THAT BOAR RUNNING
WILD, MY LORD.

HAH! A FIT TARGET FOR
MY ARROW!



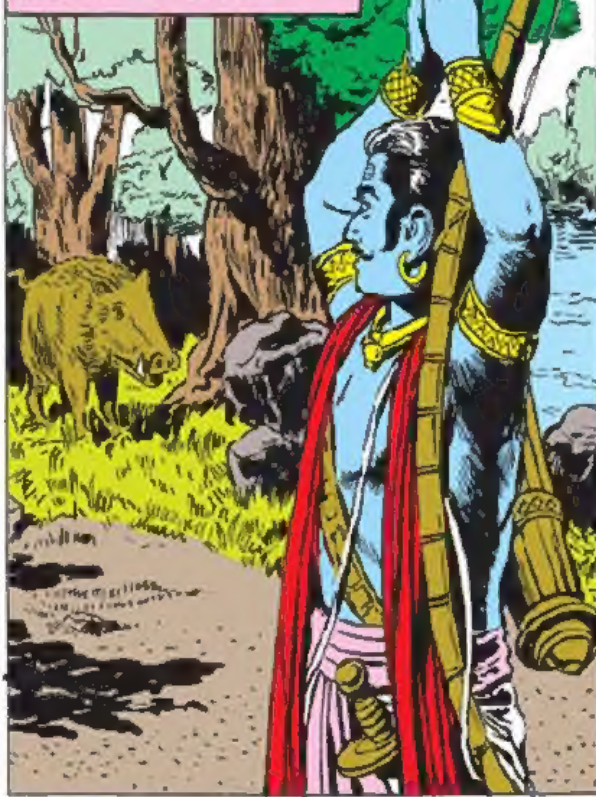
BUT THE WILY, SWIFT BOAR
OUTDISTANCED THE KIRATA...



...AND CHARGED INTO THE QUIET HERMITAGE, DRIVING THE ASCETICS HELTER-SKELTER.



HIS PENANCE DISTURBED BY THE DIN, ARJUNA OPENED HIS EYES...



...RAISED HIS BOW AND TOOK AIM.





THE WILD EXULTATION OF THE KIRATA WOMEN
AMUSED ARJUNA.



YOUNG MAN,
WE FEAR
NOTHING.

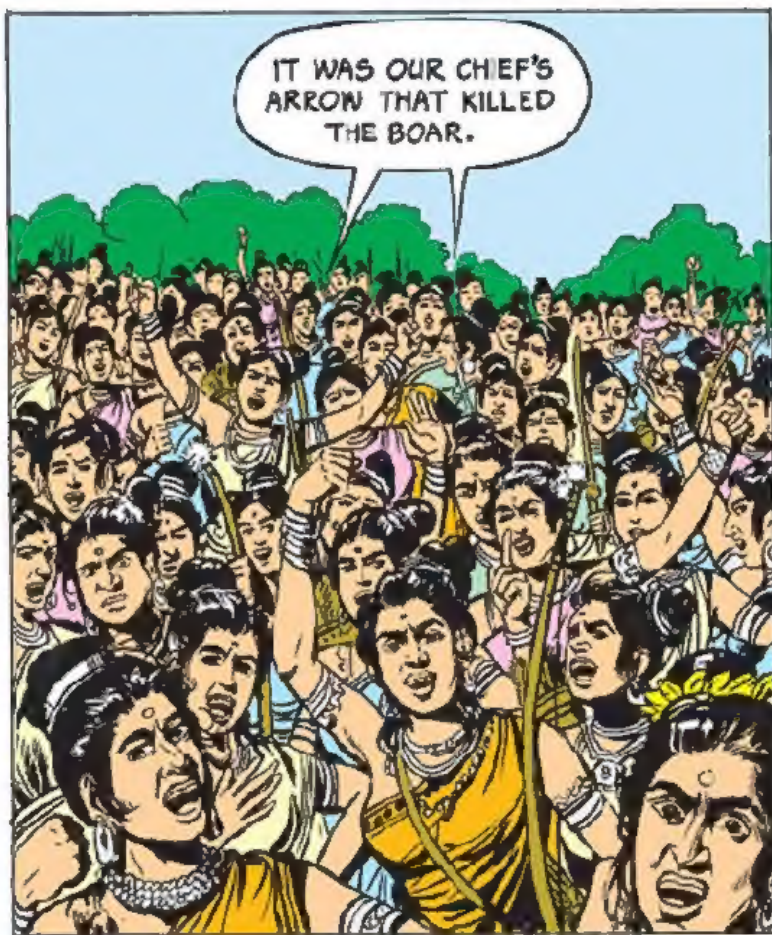


PERHAPS YOU ARE
TERRIFIED. YOU DO
APPEAR SOFT !



SOFT ? ME ? DIDN'T YOU
SEE THE FORCE OF MY
ARROW PIERCING THE
BOAR ?

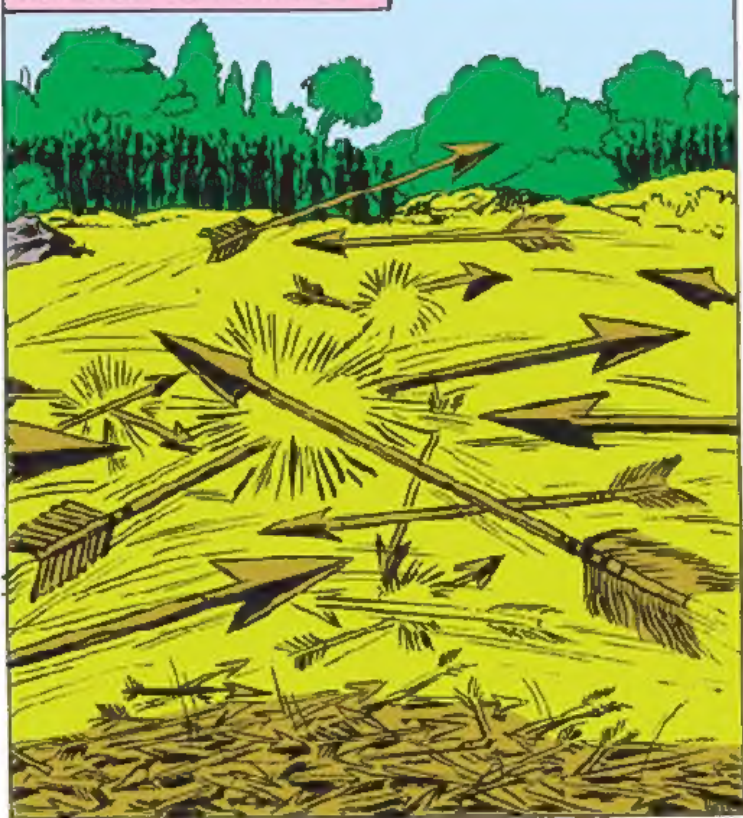




ARJUNA WAS ENRAGED.



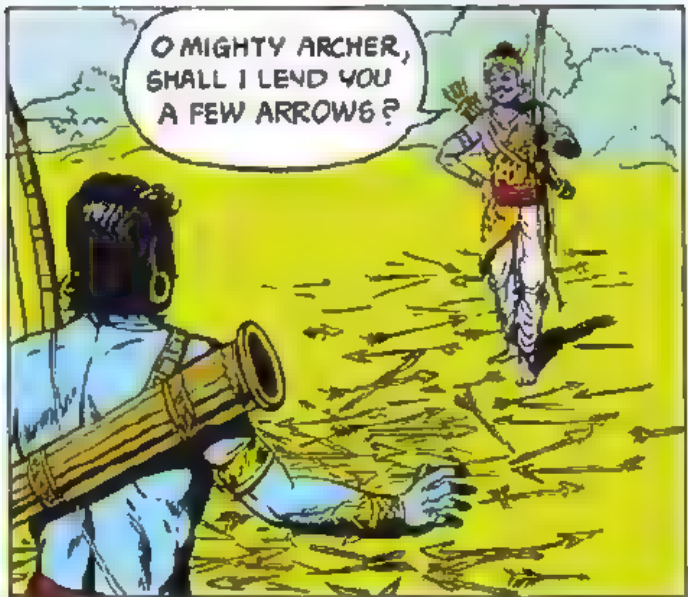
ARROWS WHIZZED PAST AS THE TWO ARCHERS MATCHED THEIR SKILLS.



AFTER A WHILE —



MY QUIVER IS EMPTY AND NOT A SCRATCH YET ON THE KIRATA.



O MIGHTY ARCHER, SHALL I LEND YOU A FEW ARROWS?

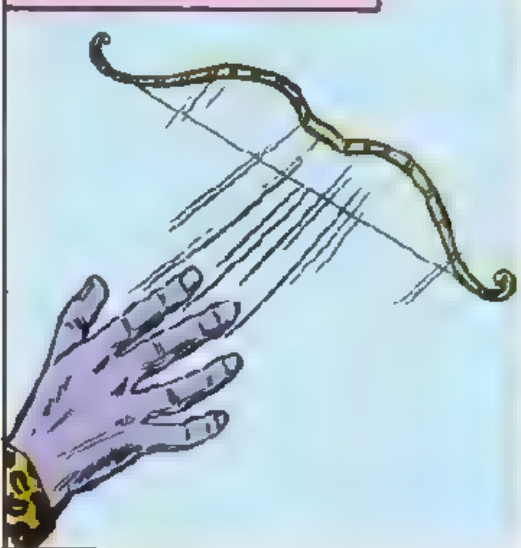
IN A DEFT MOVE, ARJUNA CAUGHT THE KIRATA IN HIS BOWSTRING.



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE KIRATA WRESTED THE BOW FROM ARJUNA...



... AND THREW IT AWAY.



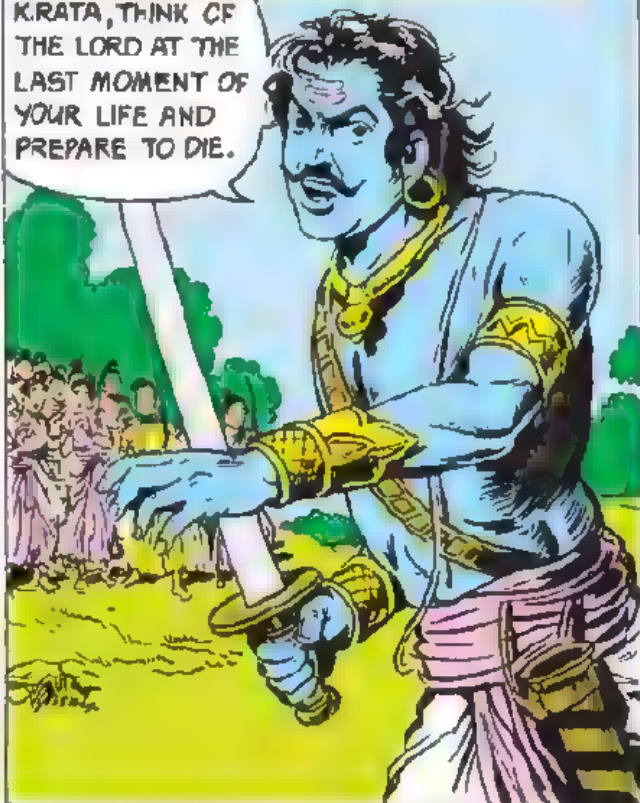
THE KIRATA WOMEN DANCED FOR JOY.



THE ASCETIC IS BEATEN!

UNDAUNTED, ARJUNA WITH HIS SWORD RAISED, RUSHED TOWARDS THE KIRATA.

KIRATA, THINK OF THE LORD AT THE LAST MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE AND PREPARE TO DIE.



AS ARJUNA SMOTE THE HEAD OF THE KIRATA WITH HIS HEAVY SWORD, IT BROKE.



SHORN OF HIS ARMS, ARJUNA CONTINUED THE FIGHT WITH UPROOTED TREES.



BUT THE KIRATA REMAINED UNSCATHED.

IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT, ARJUNA CHARGED AT THE KIRATA WITH BARE HANDS.



WITH A FLICK OF HIS WRIST, THE KIRATA
LIFTED ARJUNA...



...AND FLUNG HIM DOWN.



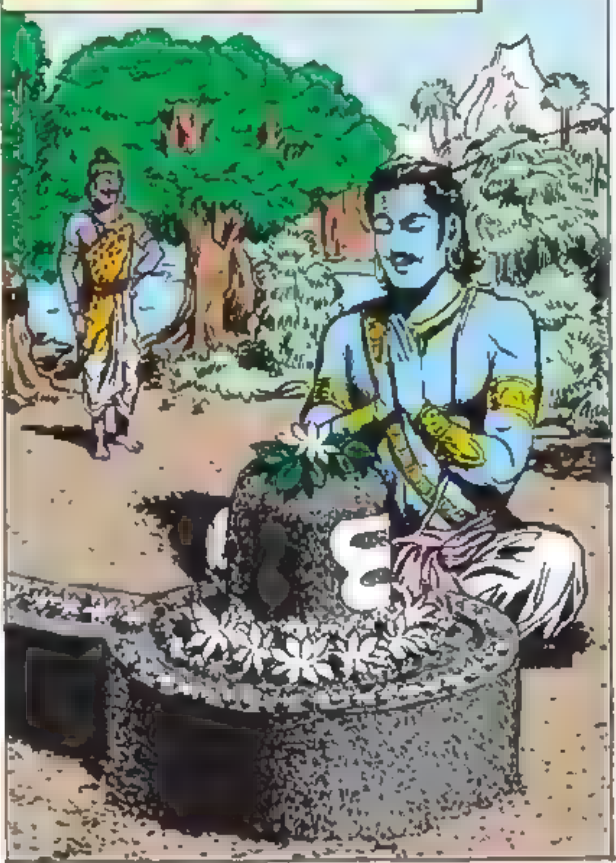
A HUMBLER
ARJUNA THOUGHT
OF SHIVA AND
HIS GRACE.



RIGHT ON THE SPOT HE
MADE A LINGA ...



... AND BEGAN TO WORSHIP IT.



A NEW POWER SURGED THROUGH
HIS LIMBS.



A REVIVENATED ARJUNA AGAIN
CHALLENGED HIS RIVAL.



BUT HE STOPPED, AS IF TRANSFIXED.

THE FLOWERS, I OFFERED
TO MY LORD SHIVA, ON
YOUR HEAD ! I SEE
NOW. YOU ARE NONE
OTHER THAN HIM !



ARJUNA FELL AT THE
FEET OF THE KIRATA.

O LORD,
PARDON ME
AND MY
VANITY.



SHIVA THEN REVEALED HIMSELF IN HIS TRUE FORM AND SO DID PARVATI IN HERS.

I AM PLEASED
WITH YOUR DEVOTION
AND COURAGE. I SHALL
IMPART TO YOU THE
SECRET OF THE PASHU-
PATA MISSILE WHICH
WILL HELP YOU IN
THE HOUR OF NEED.



SHIVA'S WORD CAME TRUE. LATER IN THE MAHABHARATA WAR, IT WAS ONLY WITH THE PASHUPATA THAT ARJUNA COULD KILL HIS ARCH-RIVAL, KARNA.

SHIVA THE FISHERMAN



ONCE IN KAILASA, SHIVA STARTED EXPOUNDING THE MYSTERY OF THE JEDAS TO PARVATI WHO WAS LISTENING ATTENTIVELY.

YEARS PASSED BY. SHIVA CONTINUED WITHOUT A BREAK.



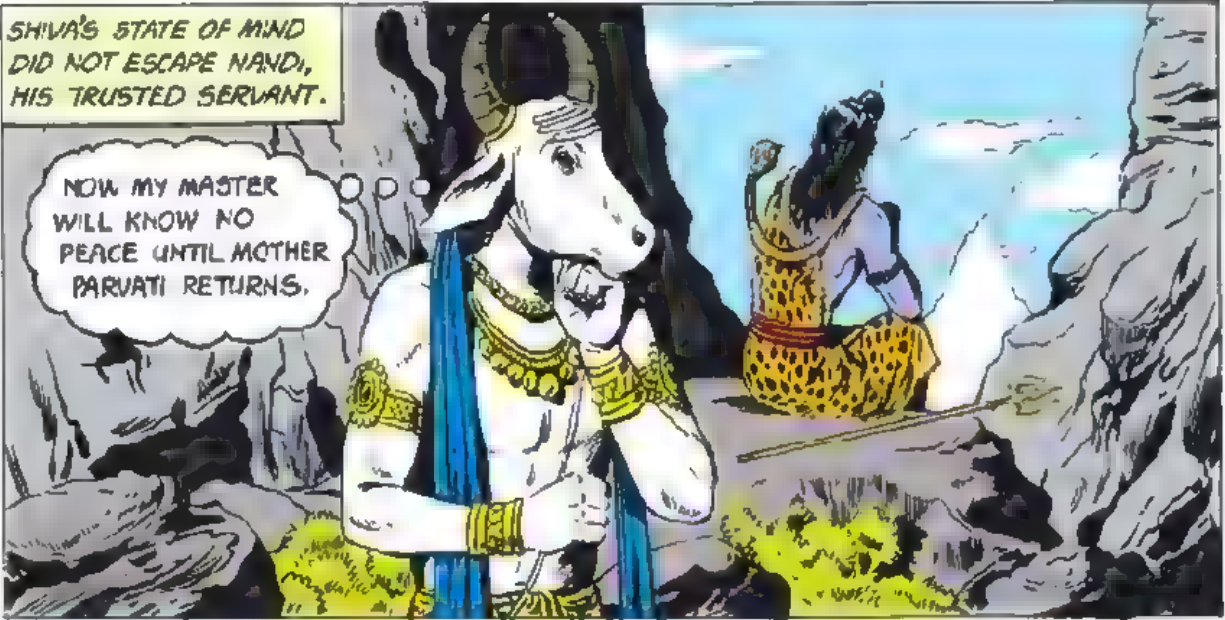
GRADUALLY, IN SPITE OF HER BEST EFFORTS, PARVATI'S ATTENTION FLAGGED AND SHIVA WAS ANNOYED.





SHIVA'S STATE OF MIND
DID NOT ESCAPE NANDI,
HIS TRUSTED SERVANT.

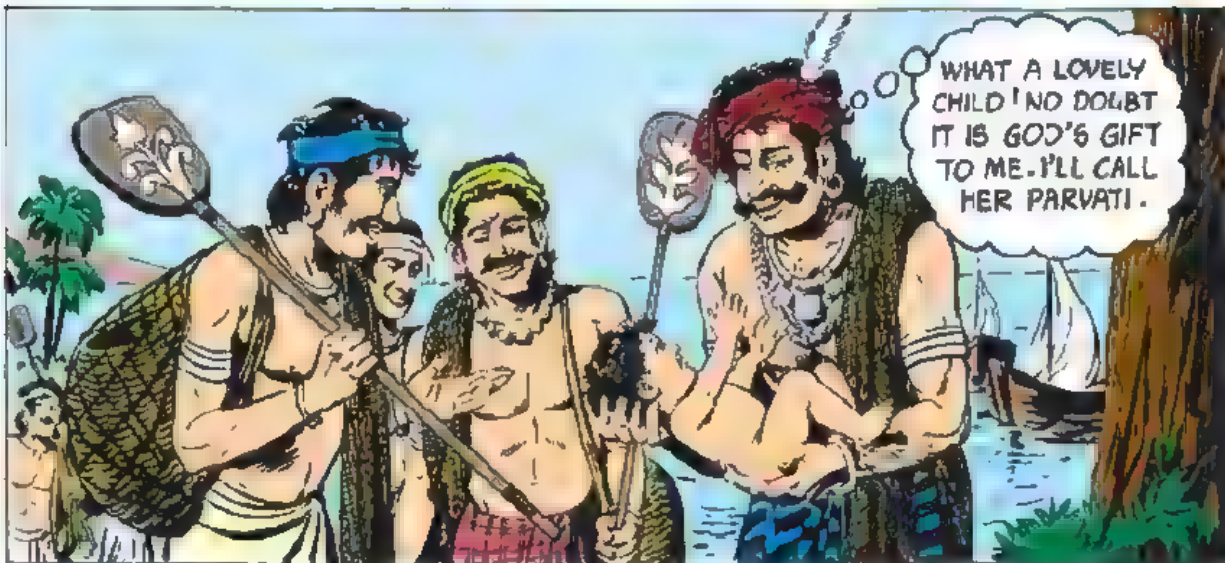
NOW MY MASTER
WILL KNOW NO
PEACE UNTIL MOTHER
PARVATI RETURNS.



MEANWHILE, PARVATI HAD ALREADY REACHED THE EARTH AND
LAY AS AN INFANT UNDER A PUNNAI TREE, WHERE SHE WAS
FOUND BY THE CHIEF OF THE PARAVARS, A CLAN OF FISHERMEN.



WHAT A LOVELY
CHILD! NO DOUBT
IT IS GOD'S GIFT
TO ME. I'LL CALL
HER PARVATI.



LITTLE PARVATI USED TO GO WITH HER FOSTER FATHER WHENEVER HE WENT FISHING.



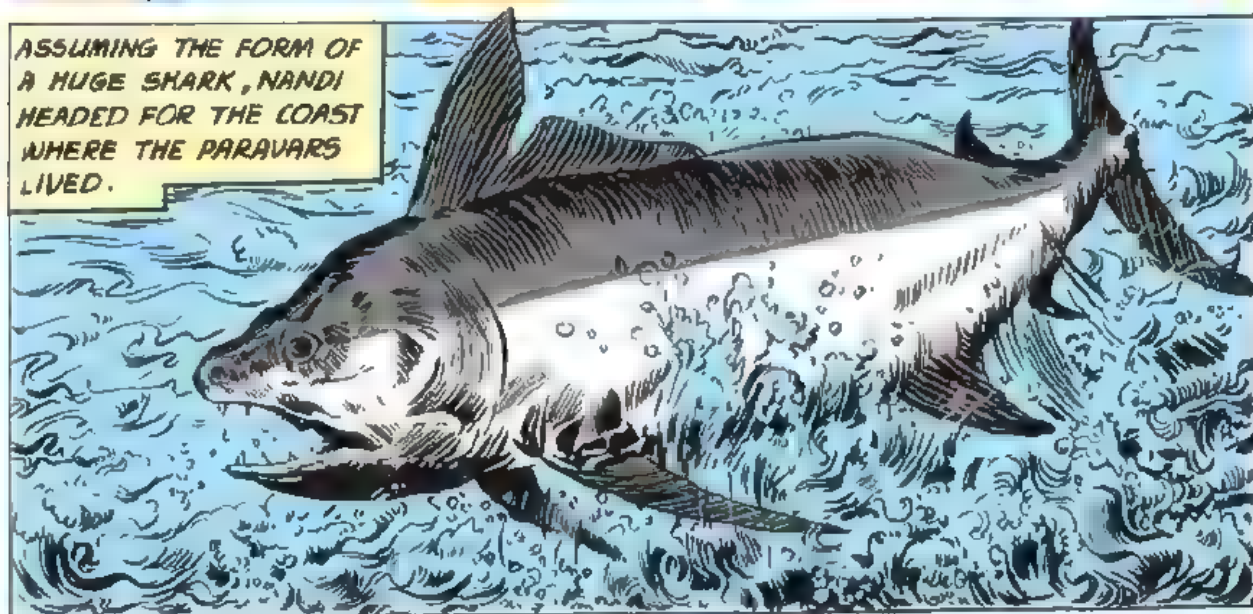
AS SHE GREW UP, SHE EVEN LEARNT TO ROW THE BOAT.

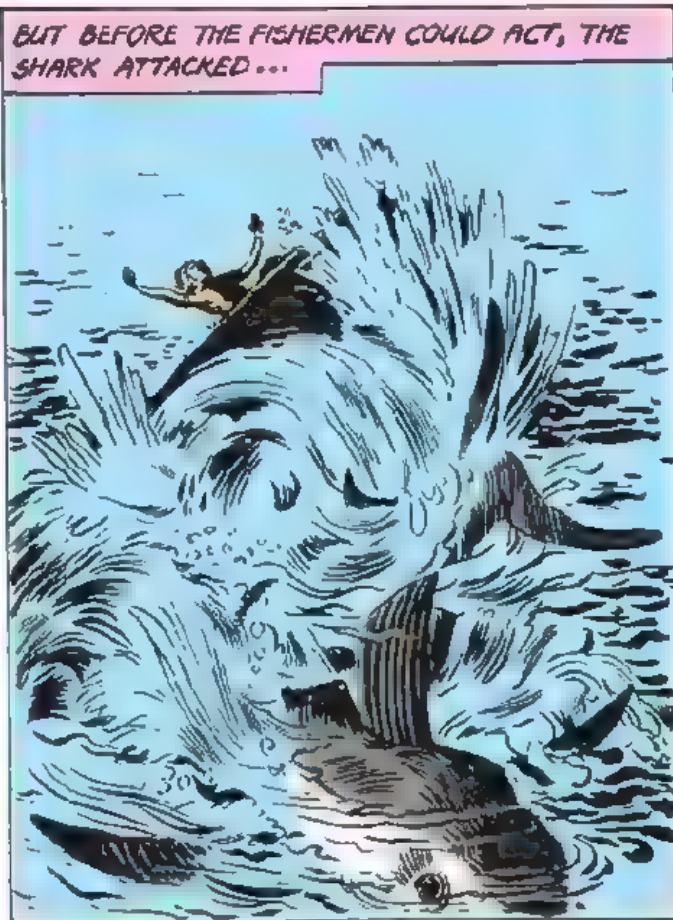


MEANWHILE AT KAILASA —



ASSUMING THE FORM OF A HUGE SHARK, NANDI HEADED FOR THE COAST WHERE THE PARAVARS LIVED.





AT LAST, THE CHIEF OF THE PARAVARS
CAME UP WITH AN AWARD.



I WILL OFFER THE
HAND OF MY
DAUGHTER TO THE
ONE WHO CAPTURES
THE SHARK.

MANY A YOUNG MAN TRIED ...



...AND FAILED.



THE DESPERATE PARAVARS
AT LAST SOUGHT DIVINE HELP.



O COMPASSIONATE
ONE, SAVE US
FROM THE SHARK.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF OF THE PARAVARS TOO PRAYED.



SHIVA HEARD HER PRAYER.

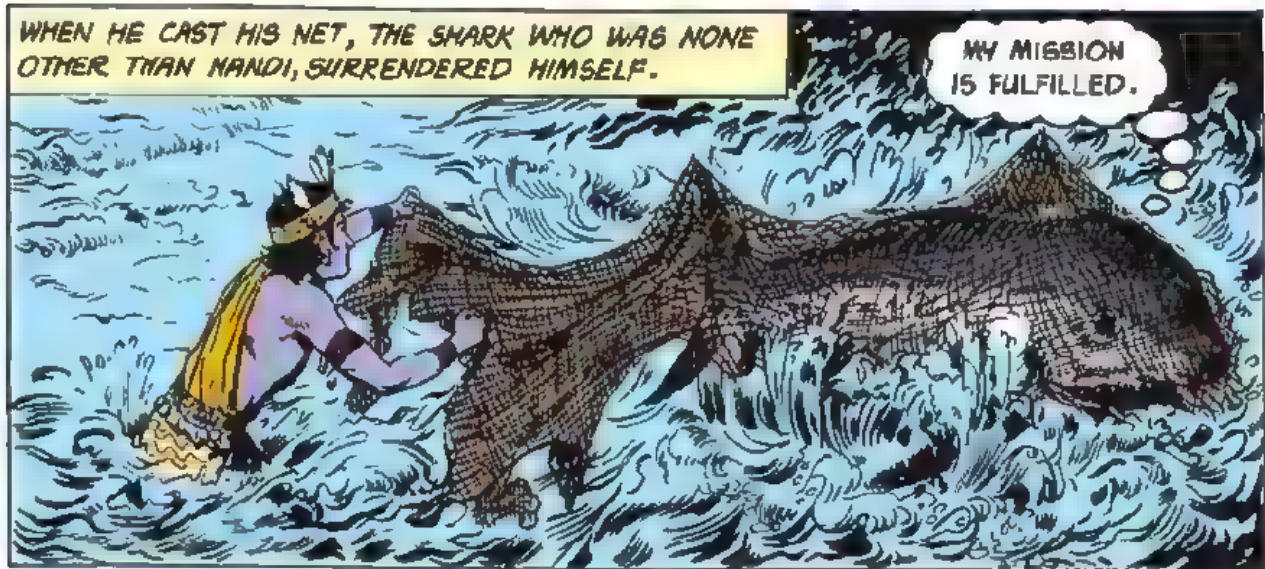


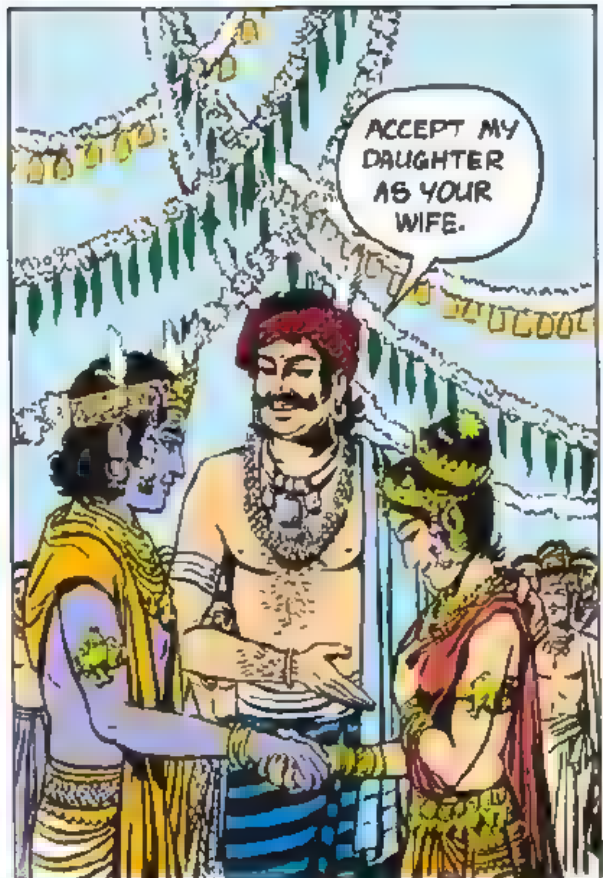
HE APPEARED BEFORE THE CHIEF OF THE PARAVARS AS A YOUNG FISHERMAN.



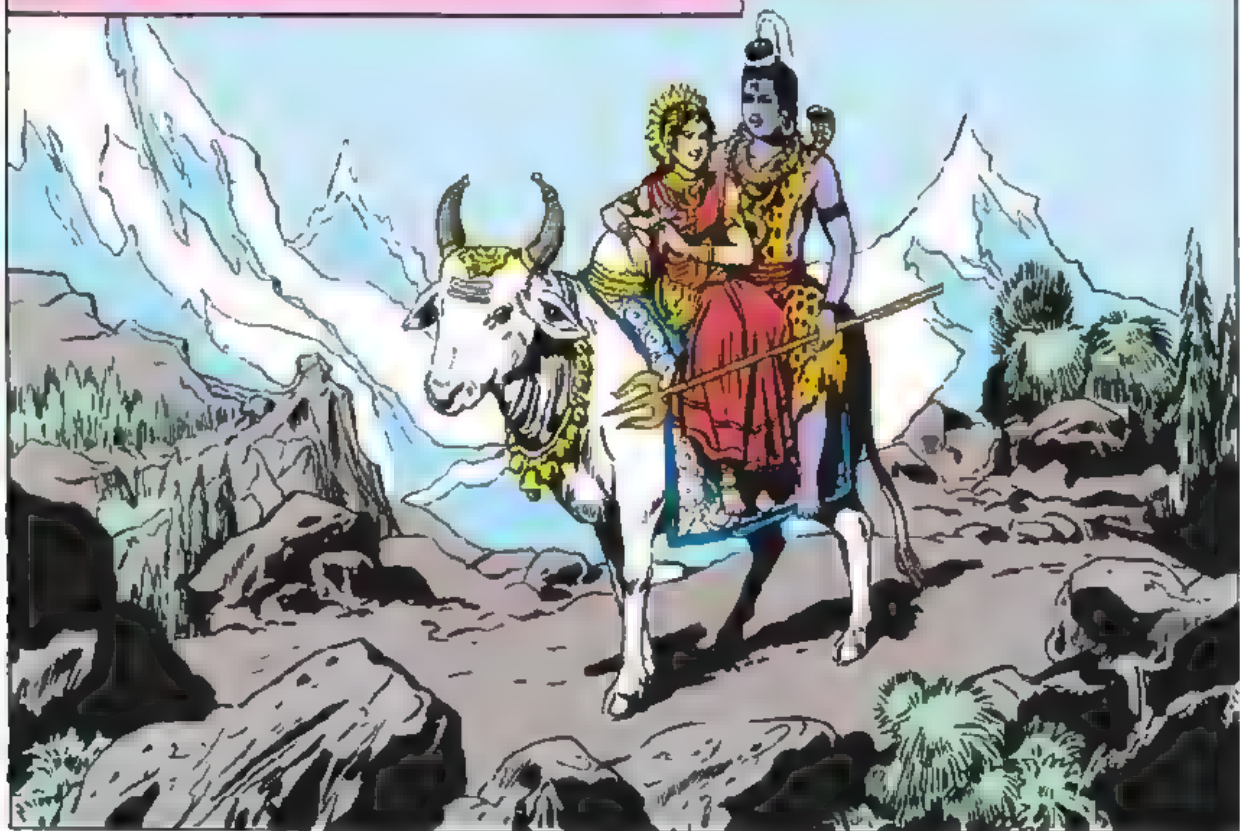
OUR TRIBE WILL BE INDEBTED TO YOU FOREVER, IF YOU SUCCEED.



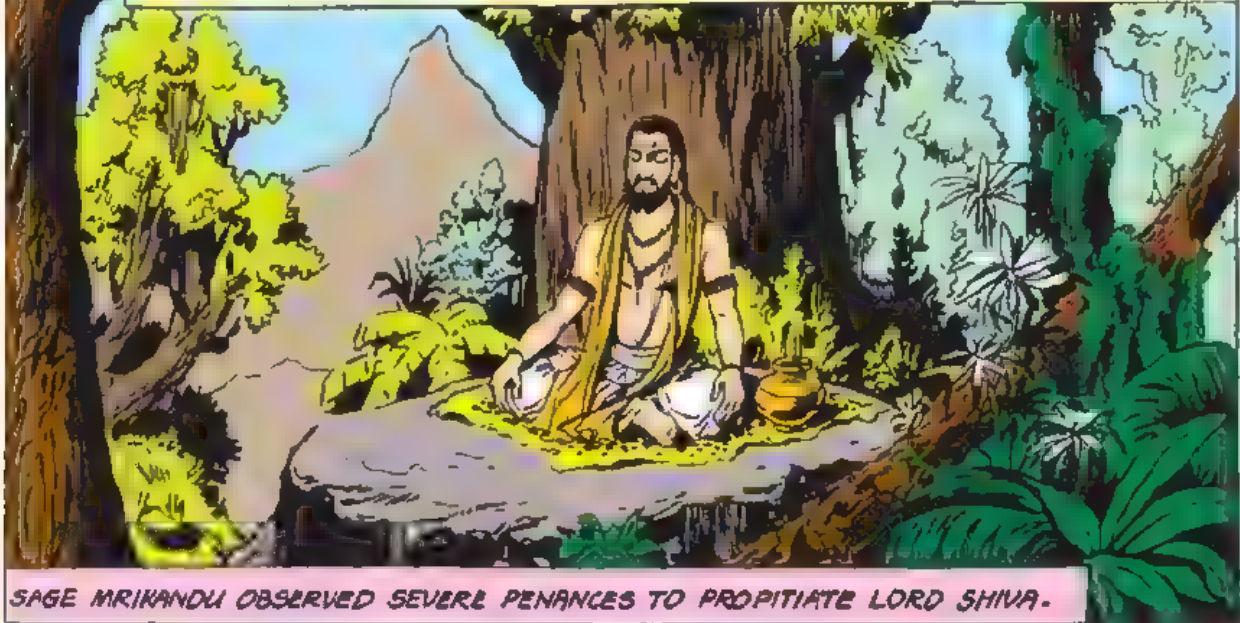




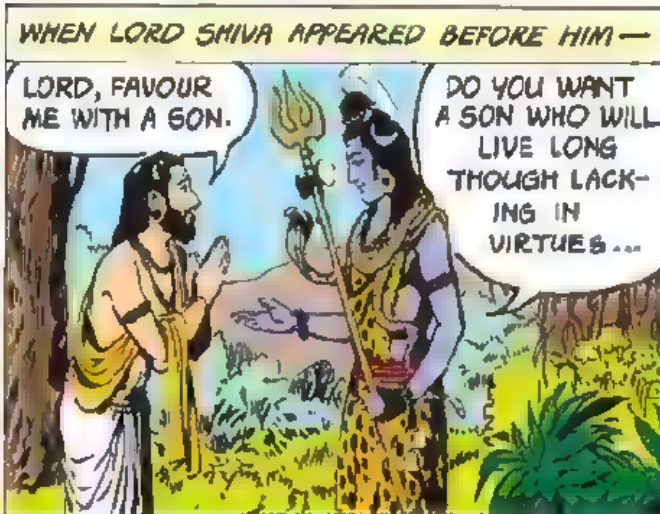
SHIVA, THE FISHERMAN, MARRIED PARVATI, THE FISHERWOMAN. NANDI ASSUMED HIS TRUE FORM AND CARRIED THE TWO TO KAILASA.



SHIVA AND MARKANDEYA



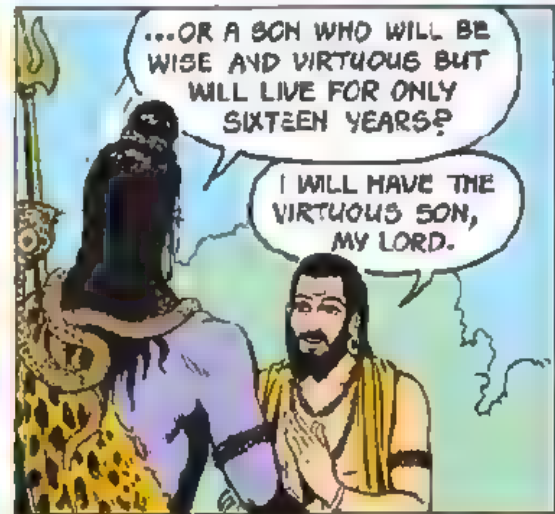
SAGE MRIKANDU OBSERVED SEVERE PENANCES TO PROPITIATE LORD SHIVA.



WHEN LORD SHIVA APPEARED BEFORE HIM—

LORD, FAVOUR
ME WITH A SON.

DO YOU WANT
A SON WHO WILL
LIVE LONG
THOUGH LACK-
ING IN
VIRTUES...

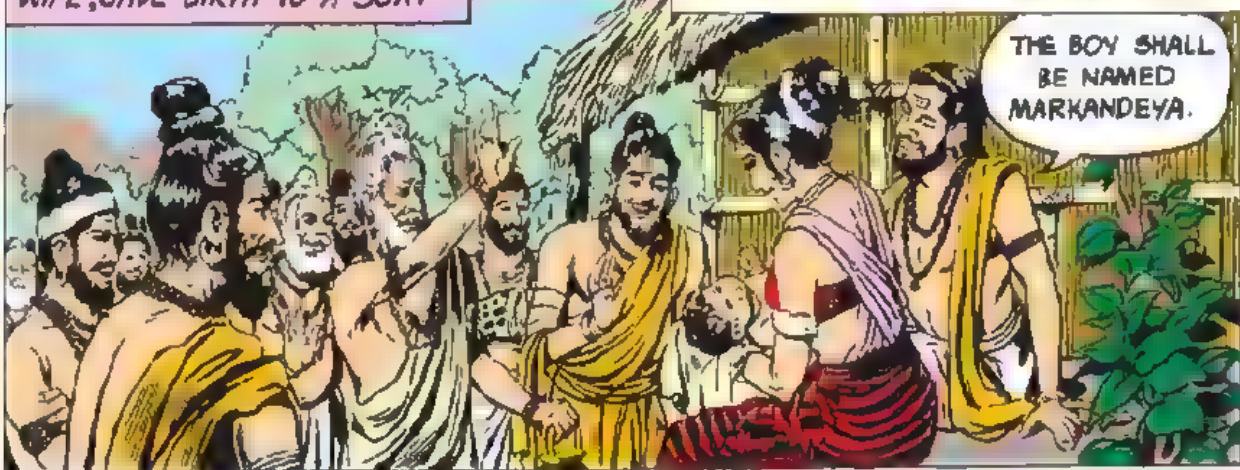


...OR A SON WHO WILL BE
WISE AND VIRTUOUS BUT
WILL LIVE FOR ONLY
SIXTEEN YEARS?

I WILL HAVE THE
VIRTUOUS SON,
MY LORD.

IN DUE COURSE, MARUDVATI, MRIKANDU'S
WIFE, GAVE BIRTH TO A SON.

GRANTING THE WISH OF THE SAGE,
LORD SHIVA VANISHED.



THE BOY SHALL
BE NAMED
MARKANDEYA.

WHILE BARELY SIXTEEN, MARKANDEYA HAD MASTERED THE VEDAS.



WHEN THE VISITING SAGES LEFT —

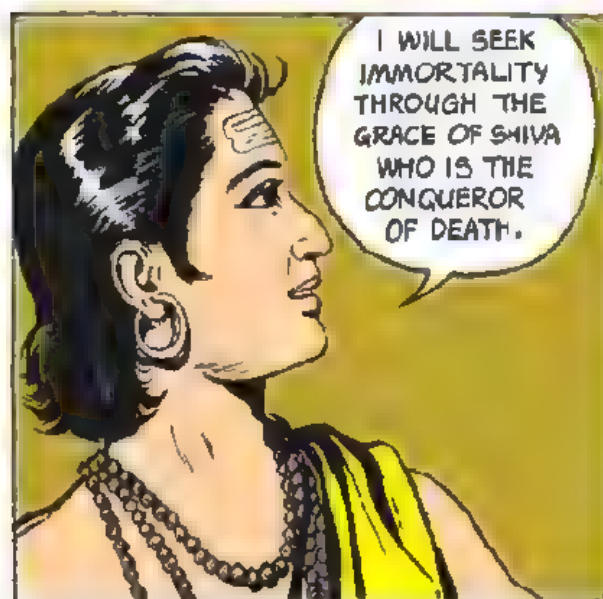
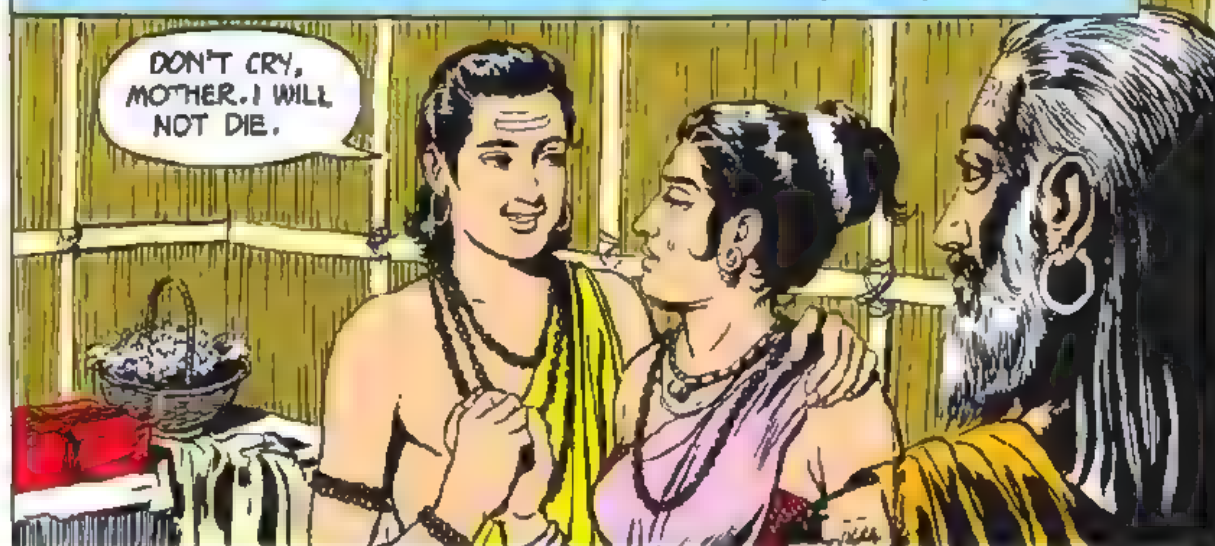


JUST THEN MARKANDEYA CAME HOME WITH THE FLOWERS FOR WORSHIP.





WHEN MRIKANDU TOLD HIM ABOUT THE EVENTS LEADING TO HIS BIRTH —

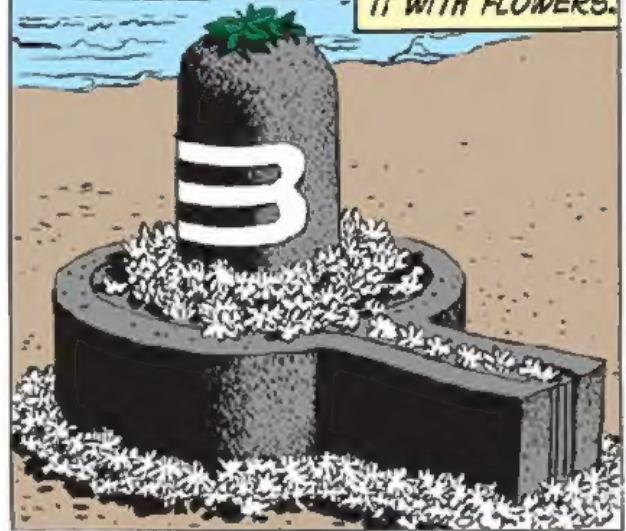




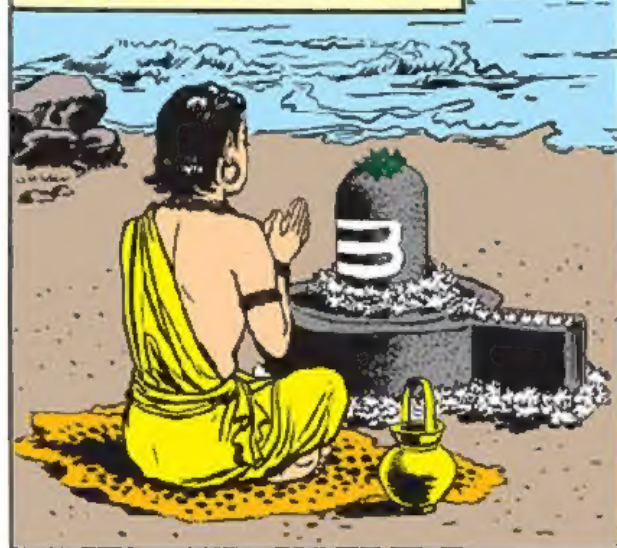
EARLY NEXT MORNING, MARKANDEYA REACHED THE SEA-SHORE WHERE HE MADE A SHIVA LINGA OUT OF THE WET SAND...



...AND ADORNED IT WITH FLOWERS.



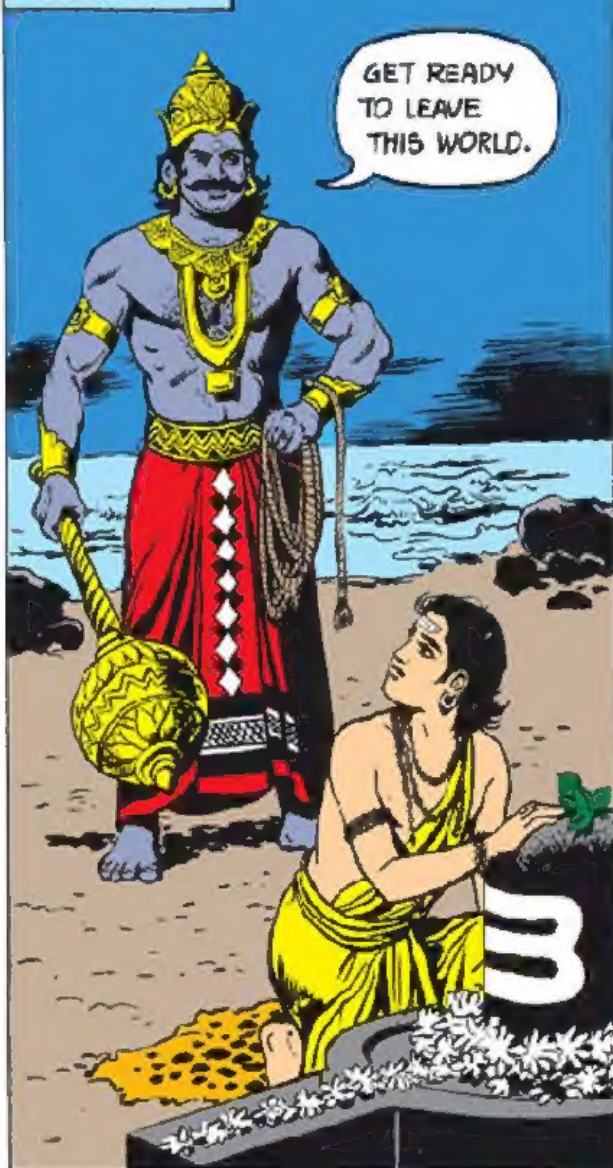
THEN HE SAT DOWN TO PRAY.



TOWARDS NIGHTFALL, HE BEGAN TO SING AND DANCE BEFORE THE LORD.



SUDDENLY —



IT WAS YAMA, THE GOD OF DEATH.



YAMA CAUGHT MARKANDEYA'S NECK IN THE NOOSE...



...AND DRAGGED HIM.



THE NEXT MOMENT, SHIVA SPRANG FROM THE LINGA AND KICKED YAMA ON THE CHEST.



